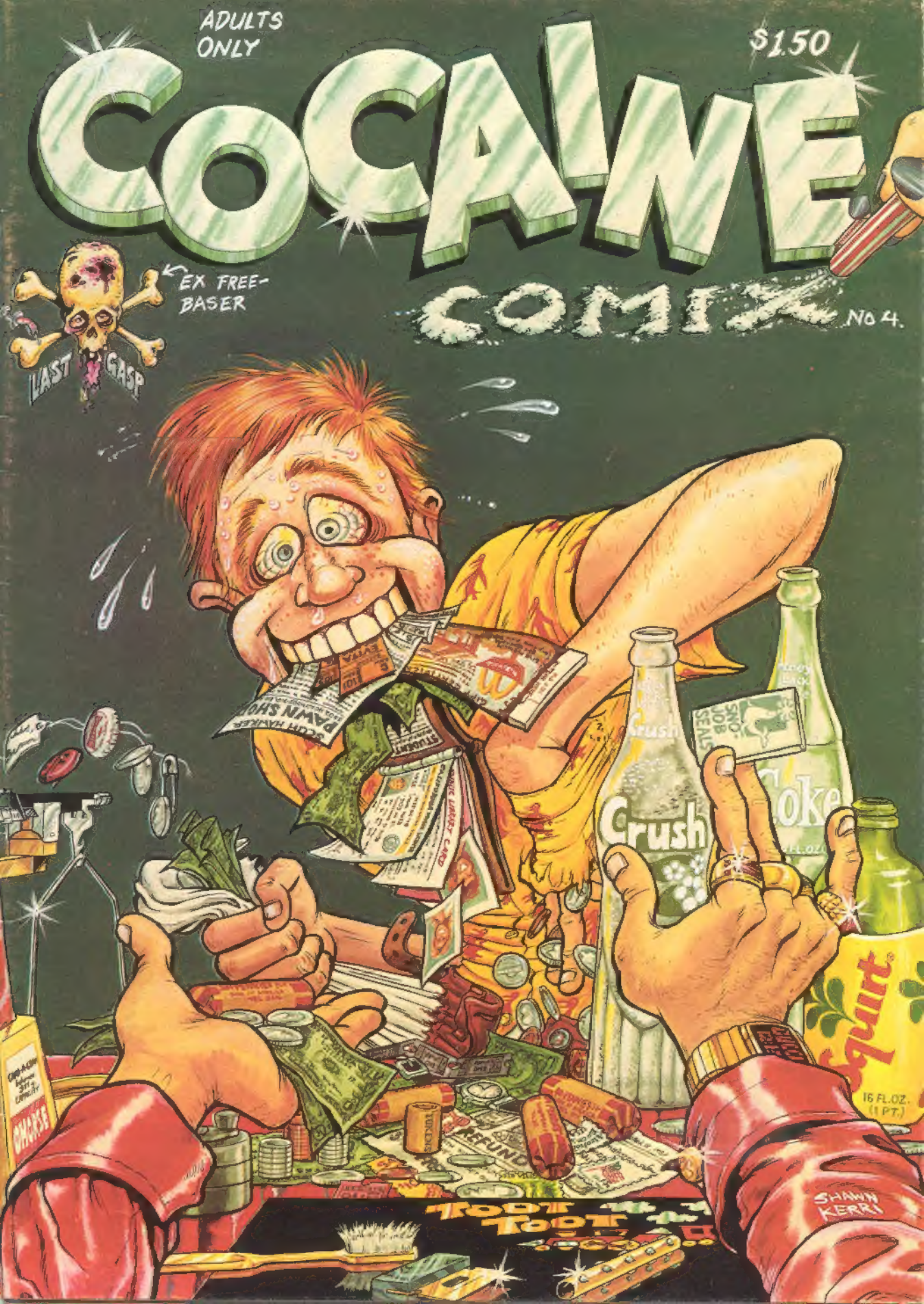
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SHAWN KERRI

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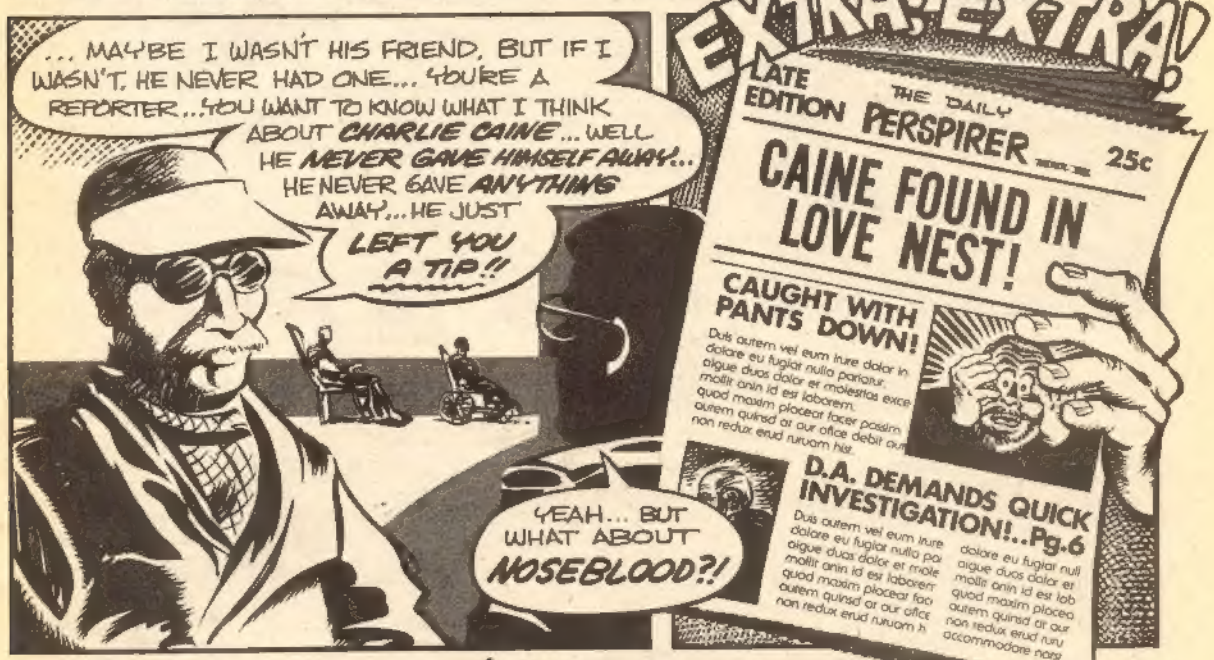
"In Zanydoo did Kubla Kaine
a stately pleasure dome decree..."



WHO IS THIS MAN? WHAT IS HIS NAME?

"JUST LIKE MOVING OIL PAINTINGS... I SWEAR!!" ©'82

RICH CHOLAUS and GEORGE DI CAPRIO PROUDLY PRESENT

CITIZEN CAINE

OR: "THE THIRD MAN TAKES A POWDER!!!"

GOT "TH' MUNCHIES?" CALIFORNIA'S CULINARY CREEPS AGREE THE PLACE TO BE IS THE CHICEST, MOSTEST-IN BEVERLY HILLS BISTRO... "MA MUDDERS!"

COME LET US RETIRE TO MY MEANS OF TRANSPORT SO THAT I MAY COVERTLY EXPLAIN A GAMBIT THAT WILL BE TO YOUR BOUNDLESS ADVANTAGE...
I CAN GET INTO THAT!!
WELL WILDROOT.. AS YOU MUST KNOW... ALL ABOUT US ARE SNOOPERS & PEEPERS WHO WOULD TRY TO TARNISH THE IMAGE OF YOUR FAVORITE DIRECTOR...
BOING!
MANY A CAREER HAS BEEN CRUELLY DASHED WITH THE SLIGHTEST INNUENDO OF DRUG USE...
DELIVERIES IN REAR
SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MISTER ED.!?
THE STERNUCATION OF DAME COCAINE IS A HABIT TO BE CONDUCTED IN A SUB-ROSA FASHION...
DON'T YOU MEAN SUB-NOSA? :SNIFF:
SNIFF
EXACTLY.
A PUBLIC FIGURE NOT MAINTAINING OPTIMUM GIRTH IS IMMEDIATELY SUSPECT!!
:GULP!:
IT IS WELL THAT GLUTTONY IS SUCH A PUBLIC VICE. TOO LONG HAVE I PLAYED FALSTAFF TO A GAGGLE OF TATTLERS!! ...GET IN.
WOW!! AN INDOOR FERRIS WHEEL! DO WE GET JOSEPH COTTEN CANDY TOO??
FERRIS WHEEL USED IN "THE THIRD GUY"

I SEEK TO ESCAPE THE SCRUTINY OF (HOPE YOU LIKE ZITHER MUZAK..) THAT BLOODSHOT PUBLIC EYE AND DEVOTE MYSELF TO A MUCH MORE PRIVATE VICE!!
COME AGAIN?
I ALMOST FORGOT! I'M SCHEDULED TO BE ON "MEETING OF THE BEHINDS" IN FIVE MINUTES...
TOO BAD THE RECEPTION'S SO SHITTY IN THIS CASTLE!
HA! HA! HA!
POOF!
YAAAAH!!
JUST LOOK AT ALL THAT SNOW!! TSK! TSK!
SNORT!
ALLOW ME...
WHOOSH!
NO PROBLEM. CARE TO TRY IT??
NAH.. "I'LL SNORT NO LINE BEFORE IT'S TIME!"
AHH
YOU... DEAREST WILDROOT MUST EAT... EAT... EAT IN MY STEAD..
?
... FOR A WEEK YOU MUST WEAR A SEEMLY DISGUISE AND FEAST ON THE MOST SUCCULENT VIANDS THAT THIS NOBLE COMMUNITY CAN PRODUCE!
ZZZZZ

YOU MUST PERFORCE BE *FAT* SO THAT I CAN BE *FREE!!!* YOU WILL APPEAR IN PUBLIC *IN MY IDENTITY!!!*

NOW! CAN YOU SEE WHY I NEED YOU TO TAKE OVER *MY IDENTITY?!?*

GASP!

SO LATER...

MORE SUDS!! MORE PATE'!!

MORE MOUSSE! MORE LANGOSTINO!

YOU! PIERRE! SHAKE YOUR ASS! MOVE IT!!!

GULP! YESSIR! MONSIEUR CAINE!!

PANTS PANT!

BRING ME SOME WATER TOO!

LET'S EAT!

N'YUK! N'YUK! N'YUK!

HEE HEE HEE!! LUCKY I'VE BEEN MEASURING THAT MANHOLE *FOR MONTHS!*

"FOR IS IT NOT IN A MAN'S TRUE NATURE TO *FIND ESCAPE?!*"*

FOR WOOD. R.I.P.

* BILL SHAKESPEARE

RUTHLESS AGENTS, UNLIMITED FUNDS, DRUGS, D.J.'S WEEPING WIDOWS, BAD VIBRATIONS, OVER-PRICED RECORDS, MIKE CURB, GROUPIES AND MURDER...
THE KEY OF 'D' FOR DEATH
DOITY TOIDY DIAPER SERVICE
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO GET INSPIRED!
SAM A SPOON
PSEUDO-THRILLER
CRAAAAK
DOITY TOIDY DIAPER SERVICE
HEY! LOOK!
MY GOD! IT'S GOING TO..
AARGHHH!
DRUGS 'R' US
"WE DELIVER"
Los Angeles Fishrapper-Examiner
ANOTHER DRUG-RELATED ROCK DEATH
ART by P.S. JENSEN
LOS ANGELES HERALD HERALD
PUNKS PINNED IN FR
DIAPER DEBACLE
STORY by C. STATLER
PUNKS RECORD HITS NO. 1
REINCARNATION FOR PROFESSOR

I WAS HAVING A LITTLE PICK-ME-UP TO RECOVER FROM MY LAST CASE,* WHEN...

* THE WASTED WIND --ED.

I HEARD THE DOOR OPEN!

SHE LOOKED CLASSY: HIGH PRINCIPLES, EXPENSIVE CLOTHES, PRESCRIPTION SHADES...

I AM KYOTO!

...AND A BANKBOOK AS BIG AS THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA...

YOU'VE GOT $5 MILLION IF YOU CAN SOLVE THESE 'ROCK DEATHS' AND MY HUSBAND'S MURDER!

GEE! THAT'D BE SWELL!

HOT DAMN! A $5 MILLION CASE!

MY FIRST STOP, AS ON ALL MY CASES, WAS JOE'S 'FRIENDLY' LIQUOR STORE, FOR A CARTON OF CIGARETTES!

THAT'S WHEN I SAW THE NEWSPAPER WITH THE WRITE-UP ON TV EVANGELIST "LITTLE RUDI" TOOTIE!

HATES ROCK, HUH? HMMM... I'VE GOT A HUNCH!

I PAID A VISIT TO REV. TOOTIE'S CHURCH OF THE *ENTERPRISING SPIRIT*...

REVEREND TOOTIE?

LISSEN' *FAG FACE!* I UNDERSTAND YOU DON'T LIKE ROCK N' ROLL! ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, MAYBE?

SUCH *BLASPHEMY!* I WAS MISQUOTED!

IN FACT, SINCE Cantal RECORDS IS REPACKAGING MY GOLDEN-OLDIE "LONG TOOT SALLY", I'VE COMPLETELY CHANGED MY TUNE!
NEEDING ANOTHER LEAD, I DECIDED TO GO UNDER-GROUND AS A SESSION MUSICIAN...
MY FIRST GIG WAS PLAYING SYNTH ON A NEW RECORD BEING CUT BY WANDA R. WILLIN AND THE VEGEMATICS... I WAS SETTING UP WITH THE BAND, WHEN...
WANDA ENTERED!
ALL RIGHT!.. YOU TURKEYS... LET'S ROCK N' ROLL!
YEOWWWW!
MMM! MY CROTCH IS ON FIRE...

HI! I'M RAZBERRY TART WITH Cantal RECORDS!
I REALLY LIKED YOUR SCREAM!
HISS!
I WANT TO SIGN YOU UP TO RECORD FOR US! I CAN GIVE YOU A $5 MILLION ADVANCE!
GEE! THAT IS SWELL!
I IMMEDIATELY STARTED CALLING AROUND TO GET A BAND ORGANIZED...
HELLO, RINGO? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
HELLO, RODNEY? DO YOU HAVE MICKEY'S NUMBER? NO! NO! NOT JAGGER DOLENTZ!
BEFORE YOU COULD SAY "DON KIRSHNER", MY BAND, SAM SPOON AND HIS HARDBOILED DICKS, WERE IN THE CHARTS WITH A BULLET. THEN PLATINUM RECORDS, CHEAP BROADS AND EXPENSIVE BOOZE!
Rolling Stone
PARADE
HARD BOILED DICKS
AMERICAN BANDSTAND
DICKMANIA SWEPT THE COUNTRY!
GET AWAY, BROOKE YOU'RE OVER THE HILL!
SAM, HOW COME YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT A FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW?
HOW COME YOU'RE A MORON, DICK?
NATIONAL SCAR
THE CRITICS CALLED US "A LOWBROW GRAND FUNK..." BUT THE DICKS KEPT GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER!
MARS NEEDS WOMEN
WE WERE THE CLOSING ACT FOR PAT BENTGUITAR (THE HIGHPOINT OF OUR CAREER) WHEN REALITY STRUCK...
WE WERE SETTING UP FOR OUR 8TH ENCORE, WHEN MICKEY DISCOVERED...
SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO HOTWIRE YOUR MIKE WITH 100,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRON JUICE!

I DECIDED TO CONFER WITH MY ROADIE...
OK, FERRET FELLATOR...
WHO PUT YOU UP TO IT?
IT WAS RAZBERRY TART!
Cartel
RAZBERRY TART! IT WAS TIME TO GET BACK TO THE CASE!
I GOT BY THE SECURITY GUARDS SOMEHOW...
I'D BETTER CHECK THE BASEMENT...
I SEEM TO HAVE GOOD LUCK IN CELLARS!
THE MOST HUMUNGOUS COKE MIRROR OF ALL TIME SAT IN THE BASEMENT OF THE Cartel RECORDS BUILDING!
MY GOD! GIANT VACUUM STRAWS LEADING UP TO ALL THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES!

I DREW MY PIECE...AND GRABBED A STRAW UP TO *RAZBERRY'S* OFFICE...

HEY!

ALL RIGHT, MS. TART! I KNOW YOU AND YOUR CRONY, REV TOOTIE, HAVE BEEN KILLING OFF ROCK STARS...

SPOON!

AND SIPHONING OFF ROYALTIES FROM THEIR ESTATES TO PAY FOR THE COMPANY'S COKE!

BUT NOW THE JIG IS UP! *WHAT'S THIS?*

IT'S A BILL...

FOR $15 MILLION TO COVER TRAVEL, ADVERTISING, EQUIPMENT AND OTHER BAND EXPENSES!

I MIGHT CUT IT IN HALF IF YOU FORGET ABOUT THIS INDISCRETION!

PAYABLE IMMEDIATELY

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT! NOT ONLY DID THEY GET AWAY WITH MURDER...BUT WITH CREATIVE ACCOUNTING, AS WELL!

...LET'S SEE, NOW...I STILL OWE THEM THREE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS AND TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS!

I MAY HAVE TO QUIT SMOKING...

TUMESCENT

SAM SPOON AND HIS HARDBOILED DICKS!

AND TO ADD INSULT... THEY CLOSED OUT MY ALBUM!

End

FUGUE FOR FREEBASE

STORY/ART, ET AL:
DENNIS ELLEFSON © 1982

'EY! HI! I'M BOB! COME IN, IT'S MY PAD, MY PARTY! COME ON IN... RELAX!

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, HAVE A TODDY... LIKE TO RAP WITH YOU FOR A WHILE!

HI, DEBBIE!

BET I CAN DIG WHERE YOU ARE COMING FROM... LIKE TO SMOKE A LITTLE GRASS, TOOT A LINE NOW AND THEN, RIGHT? YEAH, I CAN DIG THAT!

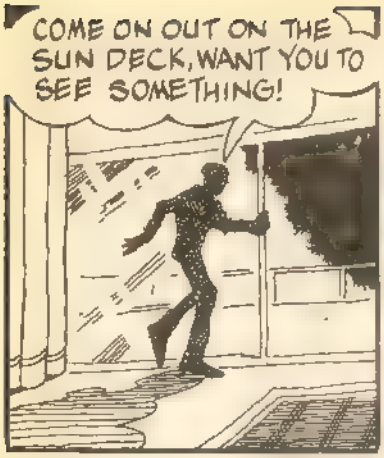
WELL, KIDDO, I WANT TO TURN YOU ON TO THE SCENE THAT ALL YOUR *REAL* HIP PEOPLE ARE INTO!

'EY, CHRIS, NEIL! C'MON IN... HI, LINDA AND KATHY-HAVE A DRINK!

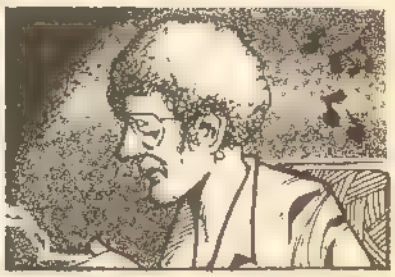
YEAH, IT'S COKE, BUT YOU WON'T BE TOOTING THIS SWEETS! THIS TIME YOU...

FREEBASE!!

THAT'S RIGHT BABES! THAT OL' *BASEBALL!*



SPECIAL THANKS TO SHAWN KERRI FOR CIGARETTE BOAT INFO. AND INSPIRATION



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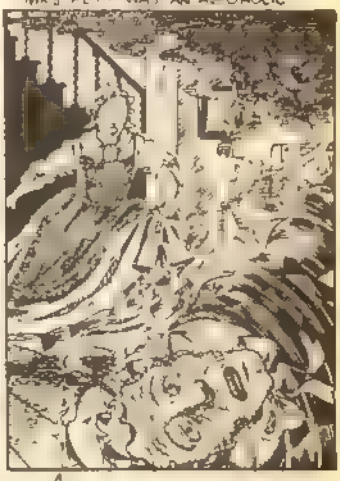
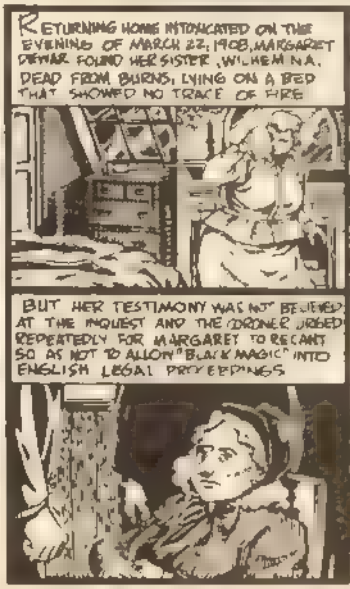
FRYING





APR 17 1938 ENGLAND A BIRKENHEAD TRUCK DRIVER BURNED TO DEATH IN THE CAB OF HIS TRUCK. THE GAS TANK WAS INTACT AND UNDAMAGED. THE DOORS OPENED EASILY BUT THE INTERIOR WAS A "VERITABLE FURNACE" THE VERDICT: "ACCIDENTAL DEATH"

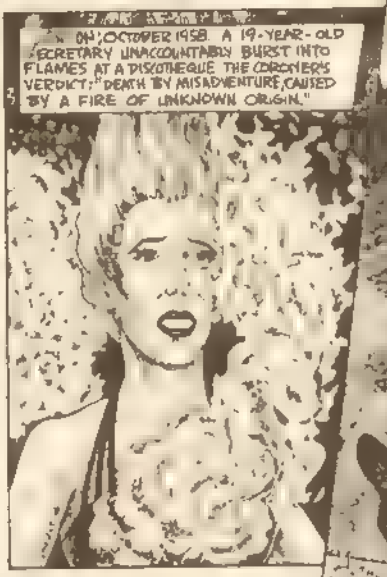
SEPTEMBER 1930 ENGLAND, WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH IN THE MIDDLE OF A DANCE FLOOR, CAUSE UNKNOWN.

ST PETERSBURG FLA JULY 2 1951 MARY REESER 67 WAS LAST SEEN [illegible] IN HER HOME WEARING A RAYON ACETATE NIGHTGOWN, BEDROOM SLIPPERS AND A HOUSECOAT. ALL THAT WAS LEFT THE NEXT MORNING WAS A PILE OF CHARRED WOOD THAT HAD BEEN THE HOME'S BACK KITCHEN WALL, AND SOME [illegible] BONES.

MONTHS LATER, STYMIED POLICE ATTRIBUTED THE FIRE TO A "NEGLECTED CIGARETTE."

WEST PHILADELPHIA PA MAY 18, 1957 ANNA MARTIN 68 WAS BURNED TO COMPLETELY THAT ONLY HER SHOE AND PART OF HER TORSO REMAINED. TO BE SURE THE FURNACE WAS COLD AND EASILY COMBUSTIBLE NEWSPRINT JUST 2 FT FROM THE BODY [illegible]

ON OCTOBER 1958 A 19-YEAR-OLD SECRETARY UNACCOUNTABLY BURST INTO FLAMES AT A DISCOTHEQUE. THE CORONER'S VERDICT: "DEATH BY MISADVENTURE, CAUSED BY A FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN."



OUTERSPORT PA WHEN THE METER MAN GOT TO DR JOHN BENTLEY'S HOUSE IN THE WINTER OF 1966 HE FOUND A PILE OF ASHES IN THE BASEMENT AND AN UNUSUAL SMELL. ABOVE THE ASHES HIM TO THE BATHROOM WHERE HE FOUND A HOLE BURNED IN THE FLOOR. THE REMAINS OF DR BENTLEY [illegible]

ALTHOUGH THE DOCTOR WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY CONSUMED THE PAPERS THE [illegible] WALKER NOTES AWAY DIDN'T MELT

CLOXTON GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 1938 JACK ANGEL A TRAVELING SALESMAN FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP FOR 2½ DAYS WHEN HE AWOKE HIS RIGHT HAND WAS BURNED BLACK AND THERE WAS A HOLE BURNED IN HIS SHEET AS WELL. A OTHER BURNS ON HIS LEGS AND BACK. ALTHOUGH HIS HAND WAS NECESSARILY AMPUTATED NONE OF HIS ARM HAIRS WERE EVEN SINGED

LAS VEGAS NEVADA JAN 10 1980 A 24 YEAR-OLD COCKTAIL WAITRESS WAS INCINERATED IN HER APARTMENT POLICE THOUGHT THE MIGHT HAVE BEEN FREE BASING COCAINE BUT NO TRACES OF CHEMICALS OR DRUGS WERE FOUND ON THE SCENE THE ABUSE OF [illegible] A PHENOMENON

SOME EARLY EXPLANATIONS FOR SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION INCLUDE SATURATION BY ALCOHOL, EXCESS BODY FAT, AND INNER "EXPLOSIVE" GASES

A MORE MODERN THEORY SUGGESTS THE BUILDUP OF ELECTROSTATIC ENERGY WHICH CAN BE GENERATED IN EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS BY PEOPLE WITH ABNORMALLY DRY SKIN

ANOTHER RESEARCHER HYPOTHESIZES THE EXISTENCE OF A "PYRE TRON" A SUBATOMIC PARTICLE WHICH VAPORIZES A PERSON BY THE FIRE OF AN "INTERNAL SUBATOMIC CHAIN REACTION"

FREEBASE

SOMEBODY SNOWMAN OR BOHEMIAN DEATHSHEAD

I LEARNED ABOUT PERSONAL GREED THE HARD WAY WHEN I FOOLED AROUND WITH.

HELP ME!

I WAS JUST ANOTHER AVERAGE JOE OUT FOR A GOOD TIME WHEN I FELL INTO THE MIND-TRAP OF COCAINE ABUSE! IT WAS A CASE OF LOOKING FOR A LITTLE FREEDOM AND FINDING THE OPPOSITE!

I STILL REMEMBER THE LAUGHTER OF THAT FATEFUL PARTY.

WANNA KICK THE GONG AROUND, KID?

C?

MAY YOUR BRAIN DANCE WITH CRYSTAL ENERGY!

TOOT

I WAS CURIOUS. I LIKE TO BE UP ON WHAT'S HAPPENING.

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

YOU WANT SOME TOOT, MOHAWK?

UH, OKAY.

HOW D'YA LIKE IT?

TOOTSIE WOOTSIE!

IT'S THE REAL THING!

MY MIND WAS SHARP WITH A CLARITY THAT WAS STARTLING! ENERGY SURGED THROUGH MY FRAME! I FELT SO ALIVE!

COME WITH ME, DEAR, AND WE'LL CUT UP THIS ROCK!

GOTTA GET SOME MORE COKE!

GOTTA DIG UP SOME MORE MONEY!

A WHOLE WEEK'S PAY!

IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE I COULD DO ANYTHING! SURE IT COST A LOT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT, OR SO I THOUGHT.

I LOST MY JOB. I TOOK 3 PART-TIME JOBS AT ONCE TO KEEP UP ON MY COKE, WHICH I NEEDED TO WORK 3 JOBS!

I PUT HALF OF PERU UP MY NOSE BEFORE SOMEONE TOLD ME ABOUT FREEBASE.

YOU SHOULD TRY FREE BASING!

THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!

EUREKA! NIRVANA!

HAVE ONE ON US, KID!

DIG IT!

NOW WE'VE GOT HIM!

FROM THE FIRST I WANTED MORE BUT SO DID EVERYONE ELSE! IT BECAME A BATTLE OF EGOS TO GET TO THE PIPE.

ME NEXT! HURRY UP! ME NEXT!

HEY! I'M NEXT!

THE FOCUS OF MY LIFE SHIFTED. I ALWAYS WANTED MORE AND MY GREED WAS IMMEDIATE!

YEAH! THAT'S THE PRICE! DO YA WANT THE TOOT OR DON'T CHA?

YEAH, I WANT IT

HEY! TAKE IT EASY!

C'MON YOU GUYS! ONE LAST HIT AND THEN SPLIT! I GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP!

ONE MORE!

I'M NEXT.

YOU GUYS STILL AT IT?

IT'S NEARLY FOUR A.M.

DEALINGS ALWAYS HAD AN ULTRA-MANIC NATURE TO THEM – ALWAYS SOME JERK GETTING ON YOUR CASE! I COULDN'T TAKE IT!

MORE! FAST! MORE! FAST!

DO YOU WANT THE GOODS OR NOT, SPORT? LISTEN! I CAN'T HANG AROUND ALL DAY!

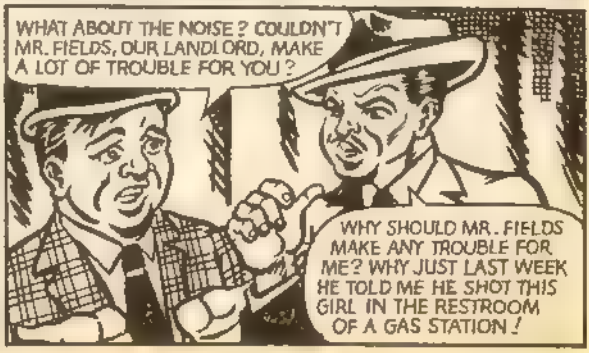
LEMME THINK...

UNTIL I COME TO GRIPS WITH MY GREED AND MY ADDICTIVE PERSONALITY, I'LL STAY A WILLING SLAVE TO COCAINE!

COLLAGE BY ©BYRON WERNER SEPTEMBER, 1981
SOME DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH HERNARD
SNOWMAN READY-MADE COURTESY CAROL LAY
"BOB" COURTESY SUB-GENIUS FOUNDATION

MANAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT: IN THE USAGE OF DRUG STREET LANGUAGE, REMEMBER THAT – ***"GIRL"*** IS SLANG FOR ***COCAINE, "BOY"*** IS SLANG FOR ***HEROIN*** AND ***"SHOOT"*** IS ***NOT*** SLANG FOR DISCHARGING A FIREARM.

EVERYBODY IS WISE TO THE STREET NAMES DRUGS GO BY! FUNNY NAMES! STRANGE NAMES! LIKE ***GOOF-BALL! PURPLE JESUS! GIRL! BOY! JELLYBEANS!*** EVERYBODY IS WISE EXCEPT MAYBE MY DUMB PARTNER, RATSKELLO! THAT DOPE! WHY, JUST YESTERDAY...



WERE THERE WITNESSES? I MEAN, DID ANYONE SEE HIM SHOOT THE GIRL?
NAW, HE WAS VERY CAREFUL. YOU SEE, HE SHOT THIS GIRL IN THE ANKLE.
TELL YOU WHAT! I HAVE SOME GIRL WAITING FOR ME AT MY APARTMENT THAT'S JUST DYING TO BE SHOT! LET'S GO THERE AND DO IT TOGETHER!

NO THANKS, BUT IF I HAD TO DO IT, I'D ONLY SHOOT THE WORST GIRL I COULD FIND.
ARE YOU CRAZY, MAN?! WHY WASTE YOUR TIME, WHAT FUN WOULD IT BE? RATSKELLO, YOU ONLY WANT TO SHOOT THE VERY BEST GIRL YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON!

GRABBIT, TAKE OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, HILLARY NOOK. I THINK I'M IN LOVE WIT' HILLARY! I WOULDN'T WANT ANY HARM TO COME TO HER!
NOW, SHE'S ONE YOU SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM! HILLARY WILL GO STRAIGHT TO HELL IN A BUCKET! I'VE SEEN HER SHOOT SOME BOY, YOU KNOW.

YOU SHOOT SOME GIRL AND THAT'S OKAY, BUT HILLARY-- SHE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO YOU-KNOW-WHERE BECAUSE SHE DID WHAT?!
OKAY! ACTUALLY, I ONLY SAW HER SHOOT A LITTLE BOY-- NO BIG DEAL, I GUESS, BUT ONCE YOU GET THE TASTE OF SHOOTING SOME BOY, IT BECOMES A REGULAR LIFE STYLE!

I'M NOT HERE TO PREACH-- SHOOTING SOME TINY BOY NOW AND THEN IS OKAY, BUT MARK MY WORDS, IT COULD LEAD TO WORSE THINGS --LIKE STEALING!
GRABBIT, I'M GLAD YOU'VE NEVER BEEN CALLED FOR JURY DUTY!

WAIT A MINUTE, RATSKELLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
JUST LIGHTING UP THIS "JOY STICK," GRABBIT! ALL YOUR SCARY TALK HAS MADE ME NERVOUS!

WHAT? YOU CRAZY POT-HEAD! YOU WANNA RUIN YOUR HEALTH?
SLAP!

COME ON!
ER... GOODNIGHT, FOLKS
bye
END

ONCE in a LULLABY

EPISODE: THE DELIVERY MAN

A world between worlds...

by CURTIS CIM

Sometime in the twilight of apocalypse...

Lost in a drunkard's rambling absurdities.

SNIFF

An age of Canin, a wanderer who chances a fortune in an uncertain life.

The job: delivering alline alkaloid

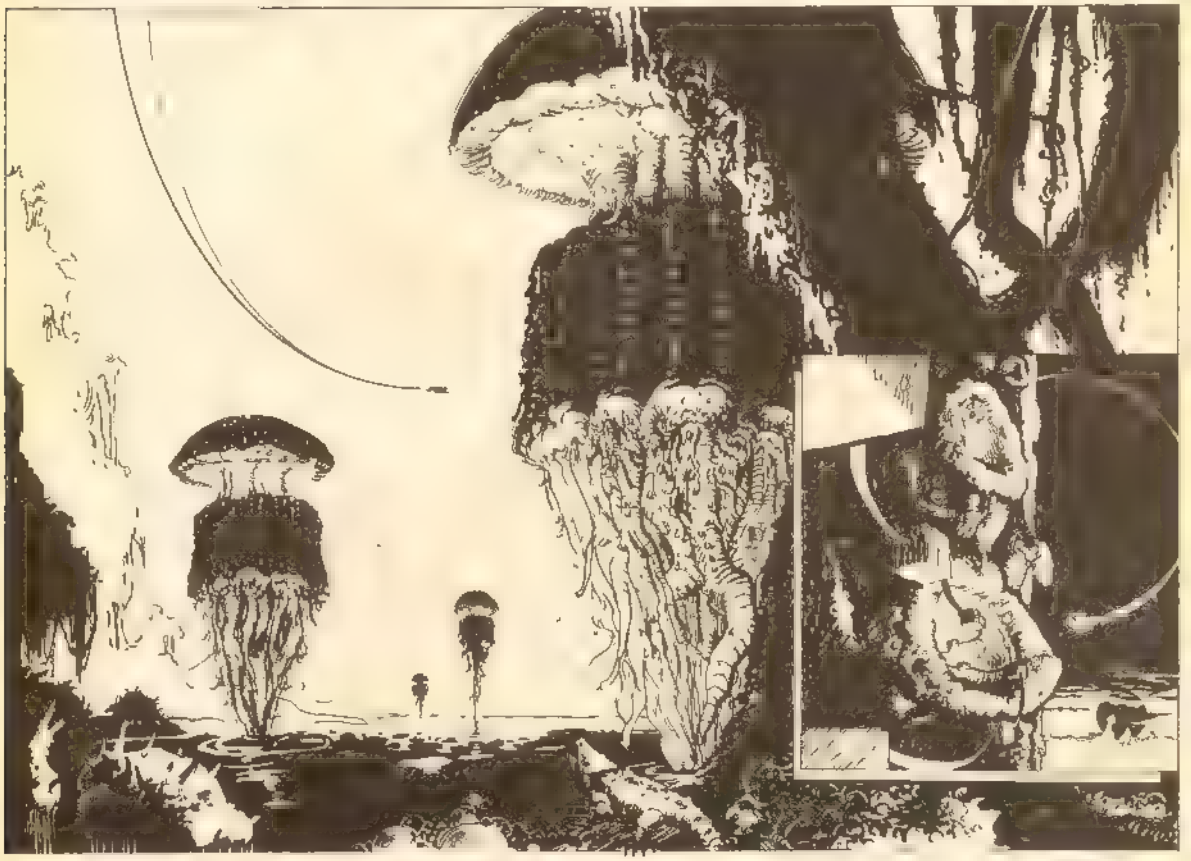
...a precious contraband often plundered by wasteland thieves and city guards alike.

Sometimes...he has trouble on the job.

ARGH!

KRASH

Othertimes...he's quite excellent!



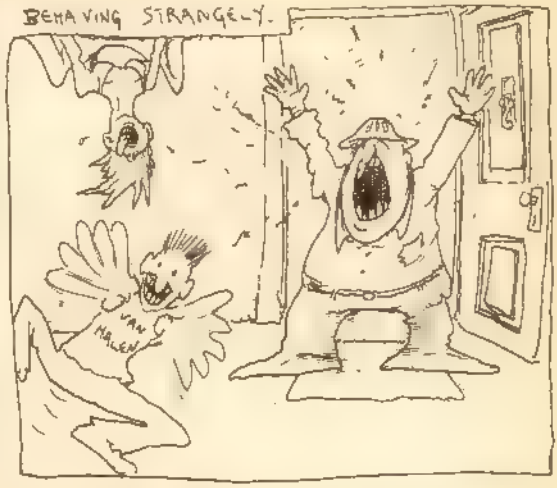
What took you so long?

Ooh, looks like you had a rough day!
Come in, I'll make it better.

The work is lousy..but it does have fringe benefits!

PROLETARIAN TOOT FUNNIES — T. McKeown

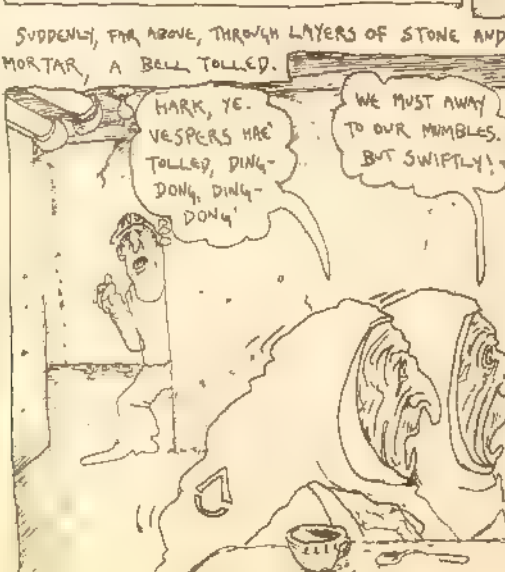
IT BEGAN ONE BLEAK AND EVIL THURSDAY NIGHT WHEN I RETURNED HOME TO FIND MY TEEN-AGERS BEHAVING STRANGELY.



AS MUCH OF MY WAGES GOES TOWARD THEIR TUITION AT A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL, I WONDERED AT THEIR LACK OF DISCIPLINE.

THEIR SCHOOL WAS A LIKELY SOURCE. COVERTLY, I INVESTIGATED, EVENTUALLY FINDING MY WAY TO A CELLER

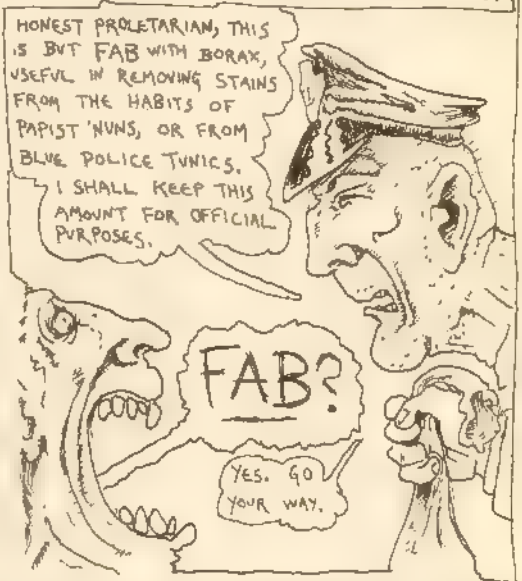
SUDDENLY, FAR ABOVE, THROUGH LAYERS OF STONE AND MORTAR, A BELL TOLLED.



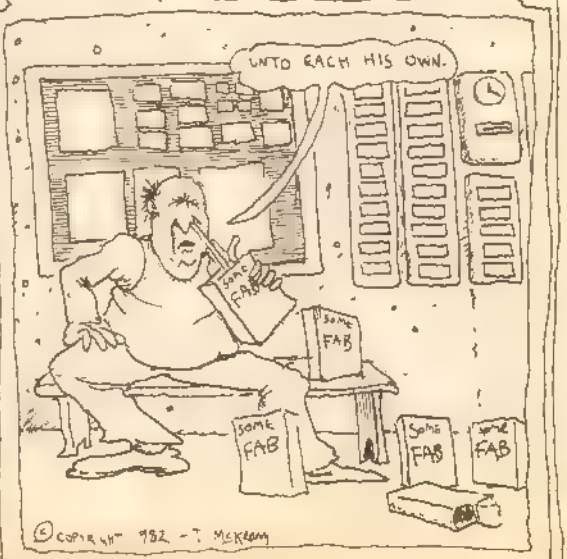
-ATE FOR WORK, I CONFISCATED THE BAG WITH EVERY HONEST INTENTION OF RELINQUISHING IT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES WHEN TIME PERMITTED.

BUT THE SCANTIEST FINGERHOLD IS ALL JACK SATAN REQUIRES. FOR I, EVEN I, HAD SUCCUMBED TO THE CATALYTIC POWDER, THE EFFERVESCENT, SNEAKY, TWINKLY, PRETTY PRETTY TOOT. YES.

SOONER THAN I'D HAVE BELIEVED, WORK WAS OVER. I PRESENTED WHAT LITTLE WAS LEFT OF THE SUBSTANCE TO THE FIRST PEACE ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL I MET.



MY CHILDREN, I LATER LEARNED, OBTAINED THEIR "COKE" FROM AN ADDRESS IN PERU AND RECEIVED IT IN THE MAIL.



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DR. POINTER X. TOXIN in:

"AN ARTIST IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HIS RESEARCH"

AN ALL TOO TRUE TALE OF TOOT!

for DON and RON!

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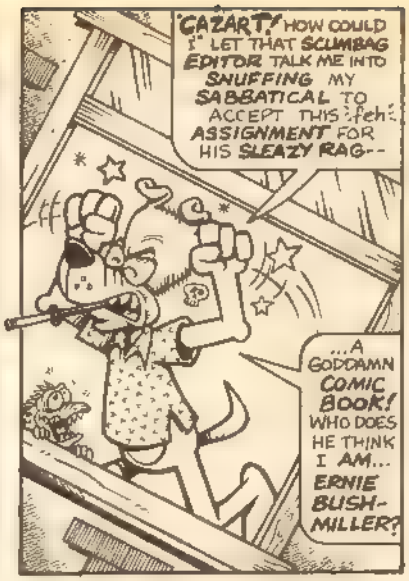
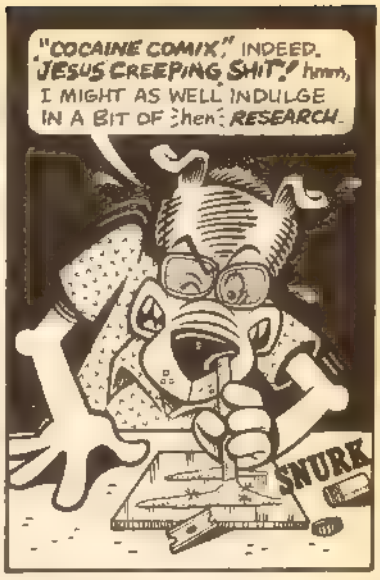
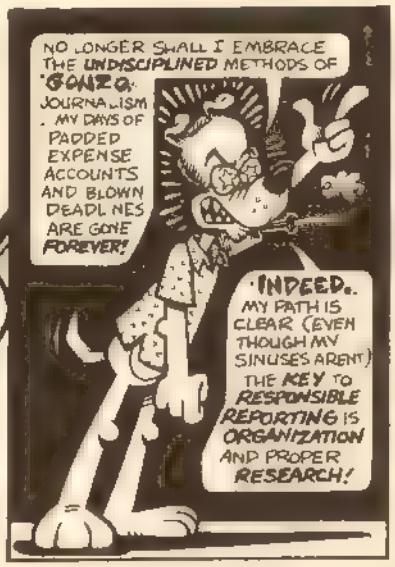
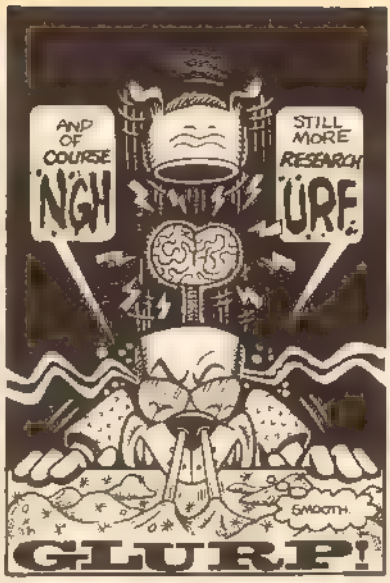
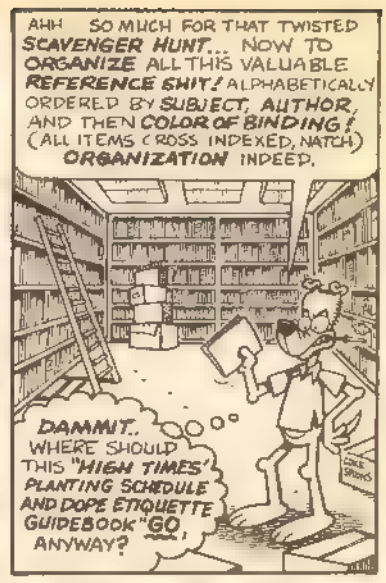


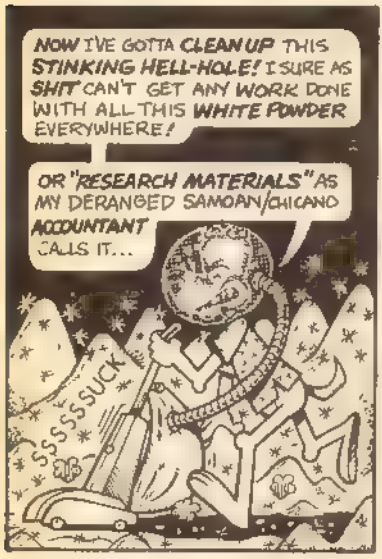




NEXT ON MY AWFUL AGENDA IS THE ODIOUS TASK OF PERUSING THE CURRENT CROP OF ?ech? COMIC BOOKS. IF YOU CAN CALL THESE ROTTEN THINGS COMIC.
THIS IS NOT A LIBRARY
NO BROWSING
BUT, AS MY OL' DRINKING BUDDY, WALLY WOODCHUCK ALWAYS SAID, "WHY DRAW IT IF YOU CAN SWIPE IT?"

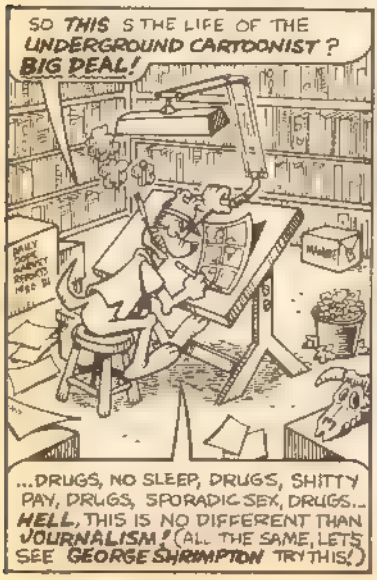

AND OF COURSE
NGH
STILL MORE RESEARCH
URF
SMOOTH.
GLURP!


AHH SO MUCH FOR THAT TWISTED SCAVENGER HUNT... NOW TO ORGANIZE ALL THIS VALUABLE REFERENCE SHIT! ALPHABETICALLY ORDERED BY SUBJECT, AUTHOR, AND THEN COLOR OF BINDING! (ALL ITEMS CROSS INDEXED, NATCH) ORGANIZATION INDEED.
DAMMIT.. WHERE SHOULD THIS "HIGH TIMES' PLANTING SCHEDULE AND DOPE ETIQUETTE GUIDEBOOK" GO ANYWAY?


NOW I'VE GOTTA CLEAN UP THIS STINKING HELL-HOLE! I SURE AS SHIT CAN'T GET ANY WORK DONE WITH ALL THIS WHITE POWDER EVERYWHERE!
OR "RESEARCH MATERIALS" AS MY DERANGED SAMOAN/CHICANO ACCOUNTANT CALLS IT...
SSSSSSUCK

SO MUCH FOR THE GROUNDWORK! I'M READY TO DO THE DEED...
SWEET JESUS! I FEEL SO FUCKING ARTISTIC!
33 1/3 PLAYING AT 78

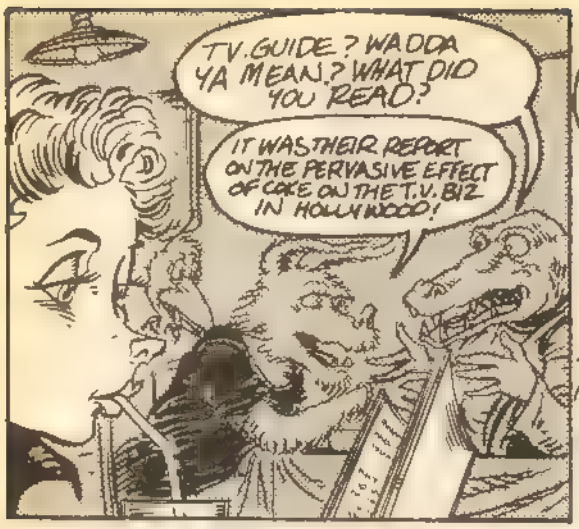
A TEN PAGE STRIP DUE BY TOMORROW A.M. -- FIVE HOURS 'TIL DAWN. HAH! A MERE BAGATELLE FOR THIS ANGUISHED AUTHER!

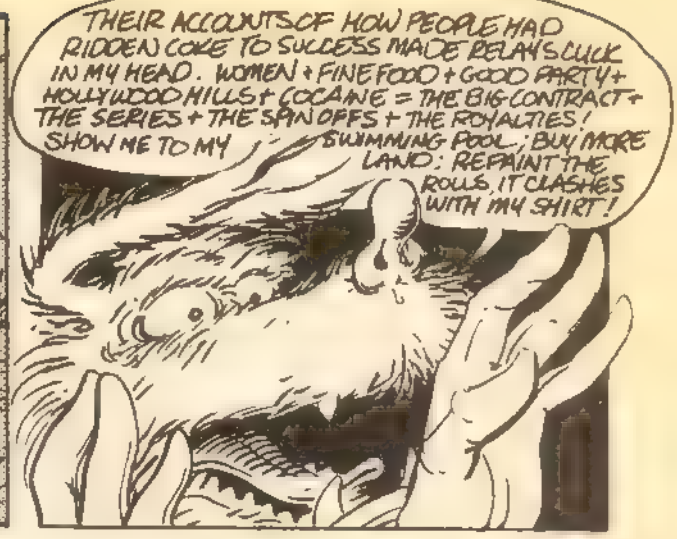

SO THIS S THE LIFE OF THE UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST? BIG DEAL!
...DRUGS, NO SLEEP, DRUGS, SHITTY PAY, DRUGS, SPORADIC SEX, DRUGS... HELL, THIS IS NO DIFFERENT THAN JOURNALISM! (ALL THE SAME, LET'S SEE GEORGE SHRIMPTON TRY THIS!)

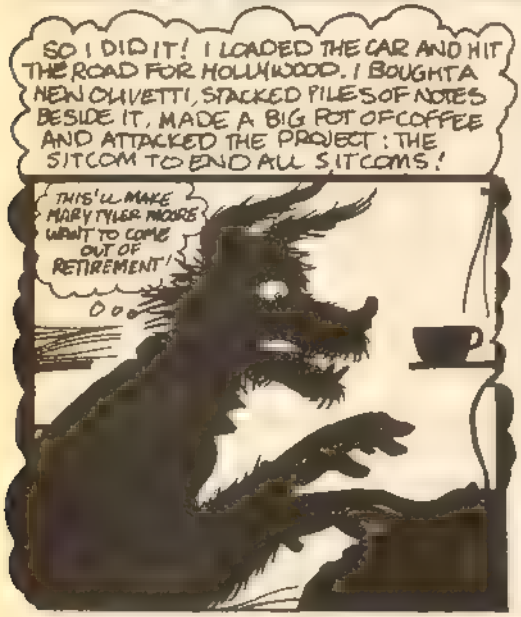
ALL RIGHT, DICATSME OW, YOU POISONOUS SCUMSUCKER PUT YOUR SWITCHBLADE AWAY.. HERE'S YOUR GODDAMN TEN-PAGE STORY... LOOKS LIKE I'VE SAVED YOUR ASS AGAIN!
WHA--? TOXIN?! YOU MET TH' DEAD-LINE!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I--

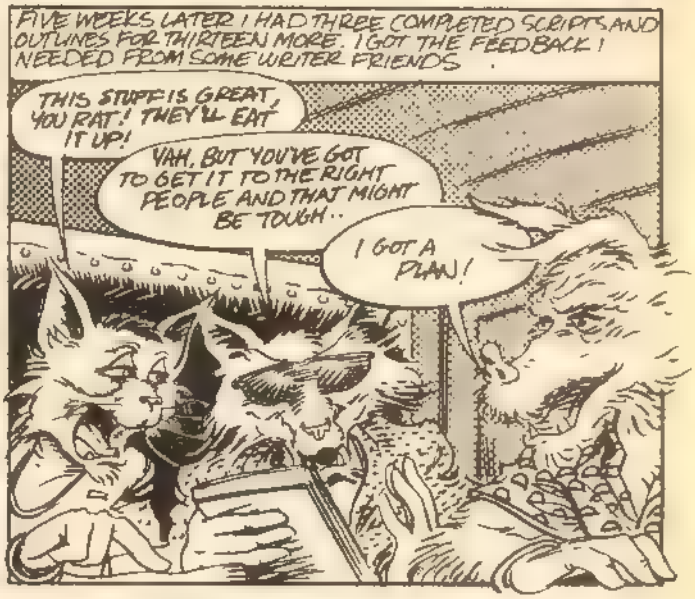
uh, POINTER. YOU'VE GOT ALL TEN OF YOUR PAGES HERE BUT THEY'RE ALL DRAWN ON THE SAME PAGE, FER CHRISSAKES! OVER AN OVER, AN' OVER AN' OVER AN OVER AN OVER AN' OVER AN
TOO MUCH RESEARCH AGAIN, POINTER?
GOD HELL.
©SCOTT SHAW!
END.

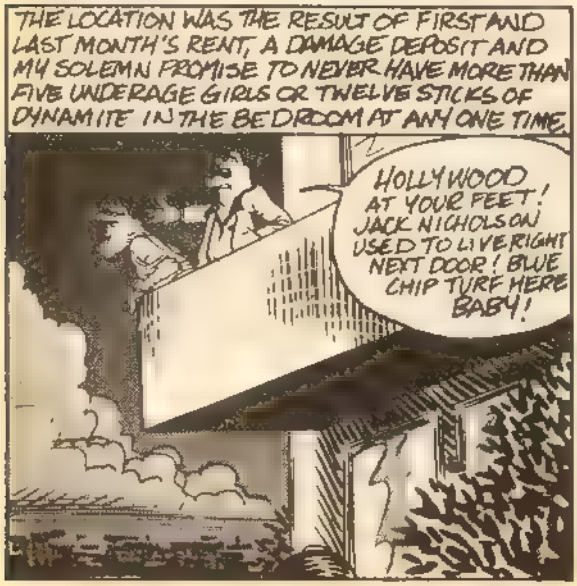
NOSEWORK
MY LOVE/HATE/SURVIVAL RELATIONSHIP WITH TELEVISION ART AND DESIGN ENDED ABRUPTLY...
WHY AM I STILL HERE? THIS USED TO BE FUN-SEEM WORTHWHILE BUT NOW...
...AFTER A PROLONGED PERIOD OF DISCONTENT!
SPUT-SPUT
MY CREATIVITY WAS STIFLED; MY ABILITIES RARELY TAPPED! IT ATE AT ME, BUT I HAD TO EAT TOO! I NEEDED THAT CHECK!
YOUR FREELANCE WORK WAS GOOD. WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST WALK OUT?
IT'S TOUGH TO LET GO OF THAT BIG CORPORATE TIT! ALL THOSE "BENEFITS...THAT STEADY DOUGH, THE SECURITY OF A ROUTINE.
GEEZE! WHAT COULDA MADE YOU FINALLY QUIT?
TV
GUIDE!


TV. GUIDE? WADDA YA MEAN? WHAT DID YOU READ?
IT WAS THEIR REPORT ON THE PERVASIVE EFFECT OF COKE ON THE T.V. BIZ IN HOLLYWOOD!


THEIR ACCOUNTS OF HOW PEOPLE HAD RIDDEN COKE TO SUCCESS MADE RELAY'S CLICK IN MY HEAD. WOMEN + FINE FOOD + GOOD PARTY + HOLLYWOOD HILLS + COCAINE = THE BIG CONTRACT + THE SERIES + THE SPIN OFFS + THE ROYALTIES! SHOW ME TO MY SWIMMING POOL; BUY MORE LAND: REPAINT THE ROLLS, IT CLASHES WITH MY SHIRT!


SO I DID IT! I LOADED THE CAR AND HIT THE ROAD FOR HOLLYWOOD. I BOUGHT A NEW OLIVETTI, STACKED PILES OF NOTES BESIDE IT, MADE A BIG POT OF COFFEE AND ATTACKED THE PROJECT: THE SITCOM TO END ALL SITCOMS!
THIS'LL MAKE MARY TYLER MOORE WANT TO COME OUT OF RETIREMENT!

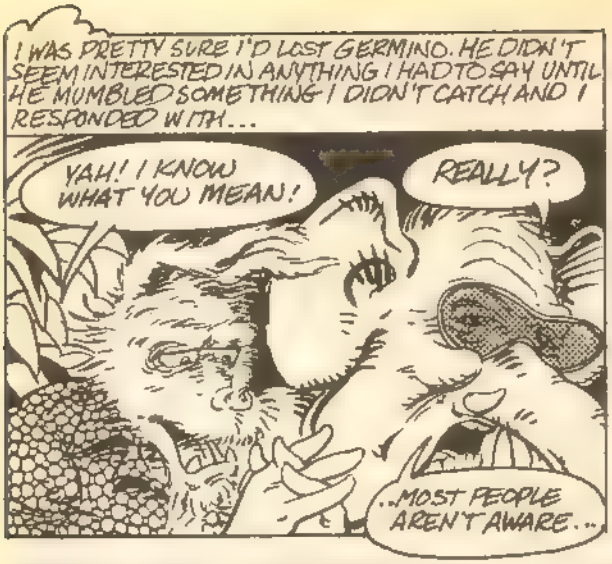

FIVE WEEKS LATER I HAD THREE COMPLETED SCRIPTS AND OUTLINES FOR THIRTEEN MORE. I GOT THE FEEDBACK I NEEDED FROM SOME WRITER FRIENDS
THIS STUFF IS GREAT, YOU RAT! THEY'LL EAT IT UP!
YAH, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET IT TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE AND THAT MIGHT BE TOUGH..
I GOT A PLAN!

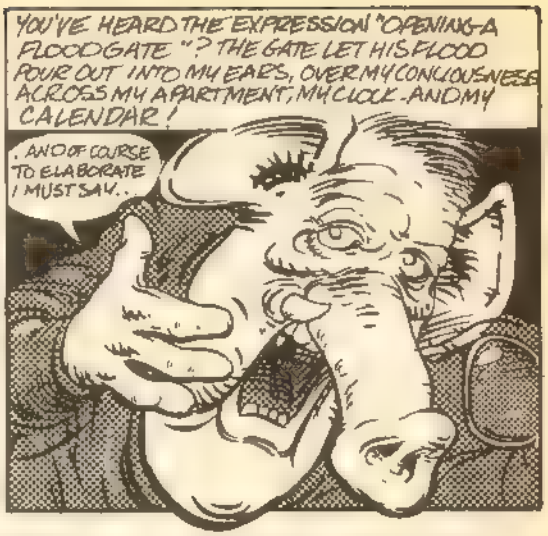

THE LOCATION WAS THE RESULT OF FIRST AND LAST MONTH'S RENT, A DAMAGE DEPOSIT AND MY SOLEMN PROMISE TO NEVER HAVE MORE THAN FIVE UNDERAGE GIRLS OR TWELVE STICKS OF DYNAMITE IN THE BEDROOM AT ANY ONE TIME.
HOLLYWOOD AT YOUR FEET! JACK NICHOLSON USED TO LIVE RIGHT NEXT DOOR! BLUE CHIP TURF HERE BABY!

TWO OUNCES OF PURE BOLIVIAN "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARVES" FLAKE COST ME EVEN MORE THAN THE APARTMENT, BUT SOMETHING TOLD ME THAT IT JUST MIGHT BE THE BEST COKE ON THE PLANET...
I JUST DRIVE EET UP FROM LA PAZ TODAY.
C'MON! THIS CAR'LL BE LUCKY TO MAKE PASADENA AND YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU DROVE IT UP FROM BOLIVIA? IN ONE DAY?
NO CAR MEESTER WOLF, JUST A COUPLE WEEF OF MAMA COCA AND DEE BICARBONATE EES ALL I NEED...

FOOD WAS NEEDED. CHEF DENIS OF MAISON IMPOSSIBLE WAS THE MAN
I GOTTA HAVE YOUR VERY BEST PAL!
I PROMISE ZEE TOTAL SATISFACTION!
AND SENSUAL DELIGHTS...
MEET BO... BROOK.. AND BAMBI
OKAY. I CAN HAVE 3 OR 4 OF THE HEAVIEST HEAVIES THERE. BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT... IT'S A ONE SHOT DEAL! IF YOU DISAPPOINT THEM YOU'RE SCREWED AND SO AM I. SO DON'T BLOW IT!
THANKS, RALPHIE!
I'D BEGUN TO WORRY A BIT AS THE NIGHT BEGAN TO SLIP AWAY WITHOUT THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HEAVIES"
T.V. EXECS? THIS WON'T BE ST, MULATION, IT'LL BE RESURRECTION!
RALPHIE...
RELAX.. ZEY ARE JEEST FASHIONABLY LATE. YES?
RALPHIE MY FRIEND; RALPHIE BRAVE AND TRUE; SAINT RALPHIE! THEY WALKED IN ALL AT ONCE. THREE NETWORKS. THREE ATROPHIED BRAINS DEVOID OF TASTE THREE HANDS THAT COULD SIGN THE SCRIPT FOR MY GOLDEN FUTURE ON THE DOTTED LINE. BUT I WAS COOL...
HI! GLAD YOU COULD COME. HELP YOURSELF TO SOME... EVERYTHING. I... ER... THAT IS... NICE NIGHT, HUH? LET ME INTRODUCE

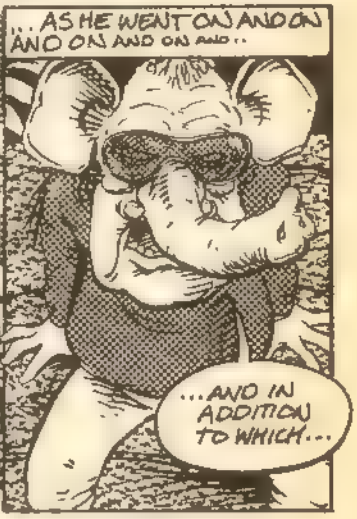
AFTER A MINIMUM OF CASUAL CONVERSATION I BEGAN TO WORRY THAT SOMETHING MIGHT BE AMISS...
...SILVERBLATT WASN'T TOUCHING THE FOOD.
...I'M REALLY MORE INTO...
CRYSTALKRANZ WASN'T TOUCHING THE GIRLS.
EET EES FRENCH MONSIEUR!
I PREFER GREEK BUT FRENCH IS FINE.
GERMINO WASN'T TOUCHING REALITY OR THE COKE!
THE SERIES STARTED TO LOOK LIKE A MID SEASON THROW AWAY AND THEN AS AN UNAIRRED PILOT WHEN...
WELL, WHAT-EVER WORKS.
GAREFUL YOU BEEG APE! I AM ZEE ARTEEST WEETH ZEE FOOD!
YAH? WHAT KIND OF RECIPE DO YOU HAVE FOR HOT MONKEY MEAT?
OOH! I LOVE EET STUFFED! AUJUS OF COURSE!
CRYSTALKRANZ WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR AS THE GIRLS PASSED BY ON "BOMBING RUNS."
THE "BOMBS" WERE LUDES.
THE "BOMBERS" WEREN'T TOO ACCURATE...
BUT THEY WERE PERSISTANT! CRYSTALKRANZ SEEMED CONTENT!


I WAS PRETTY SURE I'D LOST GERMINO. HE DIDN'T SEEM INTERESTED IN ANYTHING I HAD TO SAY UNTIL HE MUMBLED SOMETHING I DIDN'T CATCH AND I RESPONDED WITH...
YAH! I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
REALLY?
..MOST PEOPLE AREN'T AWARE...


YOU'VE HEARD THE EXPRESSION "OPENING A FLOODGATE"? THE GATE LET HIS FLOOD POUR OUT INTO MY EARS, OVER MY CONSCIOUSNESS ACROSS MY APARTMENT, MY CLOCK - AND MY CALENDAR!
. AND OF COURSE TO ELABORATE I MUST SAY..

BORING? BORING? THE GUY HAD NOTHING TO SAY AND HE SAID IT FOR THREE DAYS!

I WENT THROUGH SEVEN GRAMS TRYING TO STAY AWAKE...


...AS HE WENT ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND..
...AND IN ADDITION TO WHICH...

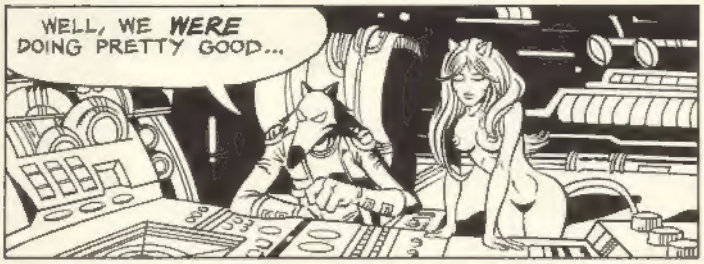
HIS MOUTH FINALLY WENT SLACK...

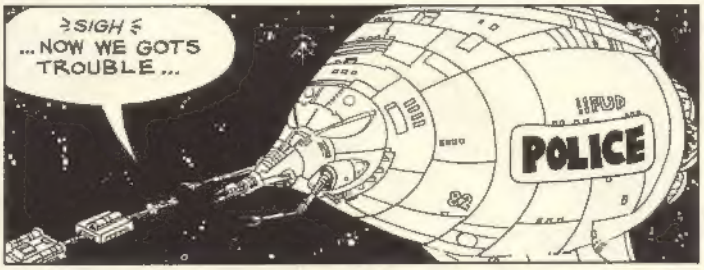
AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME THAT CRYSTALKRANZ SNAPPED OUT OF HIS LUDE INDUCED DELIRIUM...

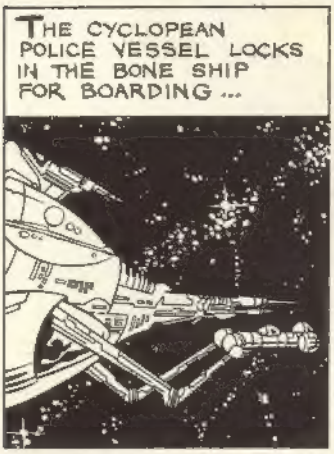
AND SILVERBLATT'S BODY LOST ITS ABILITY TO EJACULATE - ANYTHING!

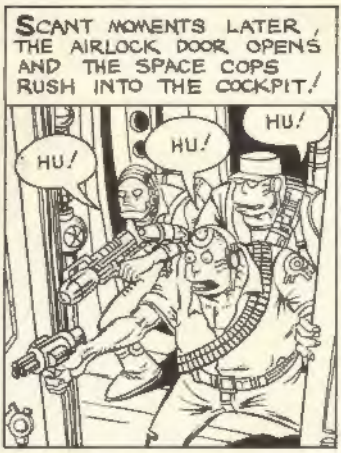
THE FACES I SAW LEAVE THAT MORNING WERE A BIT ON THE SLACK SIDE BUT I SENSED SATISFACTION IN ALL.
BYE!
THE NEXT DAY THREE CONTRACTS AND THREE HEFTY ADVANCES CAME IN THE MAIL.
A VAST WASTELAND IS SPREADING BEFORE MY EYES!!!
WITH THE AID OF THE TOOT I HAD LEFT, I REWROTE MY EXISTING SCRIPT WITH TWO NEW SETS OF NAMES, LOCATIONS, POLITICS OCCUPATIONS, HABITS, ETC
WORD CAME BACK THAT THEY LOVED EVERYTHING. IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. WELL TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE FOR LONG, ANYWAY
THE FIRST SNAG CAME IN THE FORM OF THE MORAL MAJORITY REVIEW PANEL (OR SHOULD I SAY, THE CASTRATION SQUAD!)
THERE WILL BE A FEW CHANGES NECESSARY.
IMPROVEMENTS OF COURSE. WE DO SPEAK FOR GOD!
I'M NOT CLAIMING HIGH ART FOR MY SITCOM HANDIWORK, BUT WHEN MY SCRIPTS RETURNED FROM THEIR RED PENCIL RAMPAGE I TOO CHOSE TO BELIEVE IN GOD.
ONLY A MIRACLE WOULD RESURRECT WHAT THEY HAD LEFT!! UNDAUNTED I CALLED ON UNTAPPED INNER POWERS AND THIN WHITE LINES. LESS THAN A MONTH LATER I WAS ABLE TO DELIVER SCRIPTS THAT RAISED THE EYE BROWS BUT NOT THEIR IRE.
VERY WELL WE TRUST YOU'VE DEVELOPED A SENSE OF WHAT IS RIGHT.
RIGHT-WING YOU MEAN DON'T YOU, ASSHOLE?
YAH, YAH! I'VE GOT A REAL FEEL FOR IT!

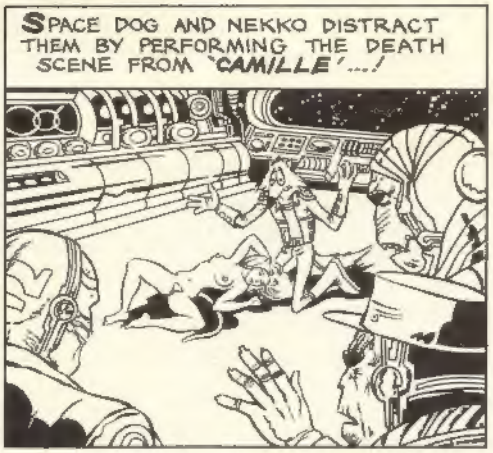
THE NETWORKS WERE PLEASED. MORE MONEY CAME AND THE WHEELS OF PRODUCTION BEGAN TO TURN. THREE NETWORKS - THREE SETS OF MEETINGS, DECISIONS, MODIFICATIONS, SOLUTIONS.
LET'S ALL...
...TAKE A MOMENT...
SNORT
...TO THINK!
THANKGOD I WAS ABLE TO CONNECT WITH FOUR OUNCES OF "GREAT WHITE HOPE" CRYSTAL. IT GOT ME THROUGH EVERYTHING... THE REWRITES... THE NEGOTIATIONS... THE FIGHTS ... THE CASTING ... THE MEETINGS AND THE MEATHEADS! IT WAS ALL SET AND THEN...
MR. WOLF
THE FUCKING ACTORS' STRIKE PUT MY SHOWS ON ICE FOR SIX AND A HALF WEEKS. I WAS FORTUNATE TO HAVE THE NECESSARY FUNDS...
HOTWOLF
...WHEN THE "I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS" WONDER-WHIFF EASED INTO TOWN: I PACKED AWAY TEN OUNCES AT A TIDY PRICE (AND A GOOD THING TOO... THE LAST 4 OUNCES OF TOOT HAD SLIPPED THRU MY NOSTRILS LIKE A VISITOR FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD).
AFTER THE DUST FROM THE ACTORS STRIKE HAD SETTLED, I FOUND THREE IMPORTANT THINGS MISSING FROM THE NETWORKS... GERMINO, SILVER BLATT AND CRYSTALKRANZ! THEIR INDIVIDUAL FALLS FROM GRACE WERE LESS THAN NOTABLE.
MADE A KILLING IN HOME COMPUTERS... WHATCHA DO WITH YOUR DOUGH?
GRRR-SNIF!
MY FORTUNES WERE NOT AS GOOD. THE NEW EXECS BROUGHT IN THEIR FRIENDS. NEW PRODUCERS WRITERS, CONCEPTS. BUT I KNEW WHAT TO DO.. GIRLS, DRUGS, PARTIES...
JUST A MATTER OF CASH..
"JUST A MATTER OF CASH" WAS ALL THE VISITOR FROM THE I.R.S. WANTED TO DISCUSS. MY DOOM!
LET'S GET STARTED...
MY LIFESTYLE AND THE I.R.S. WIPED ME OUT! SO IT WAS THE BUS BACK TO S.F. AND THE SALT MINES!
BACK TO T.V. ART, EH?
DON'T I WISH! ER, DONE WITH YOUR CUP? I'VE GOT TO GET THIS PLACE CLEANED UP...
THE END.

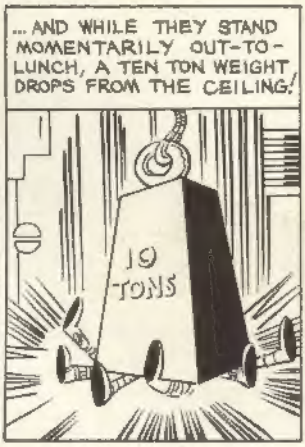


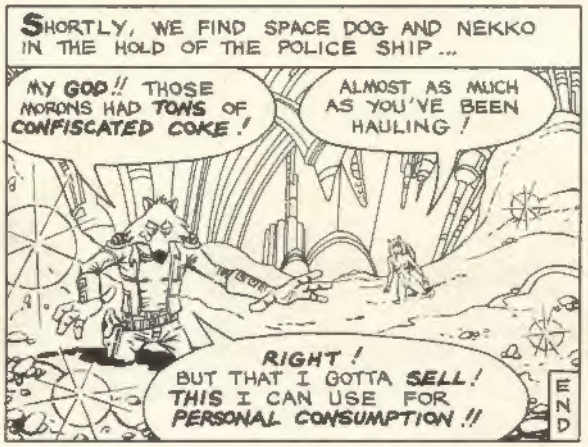






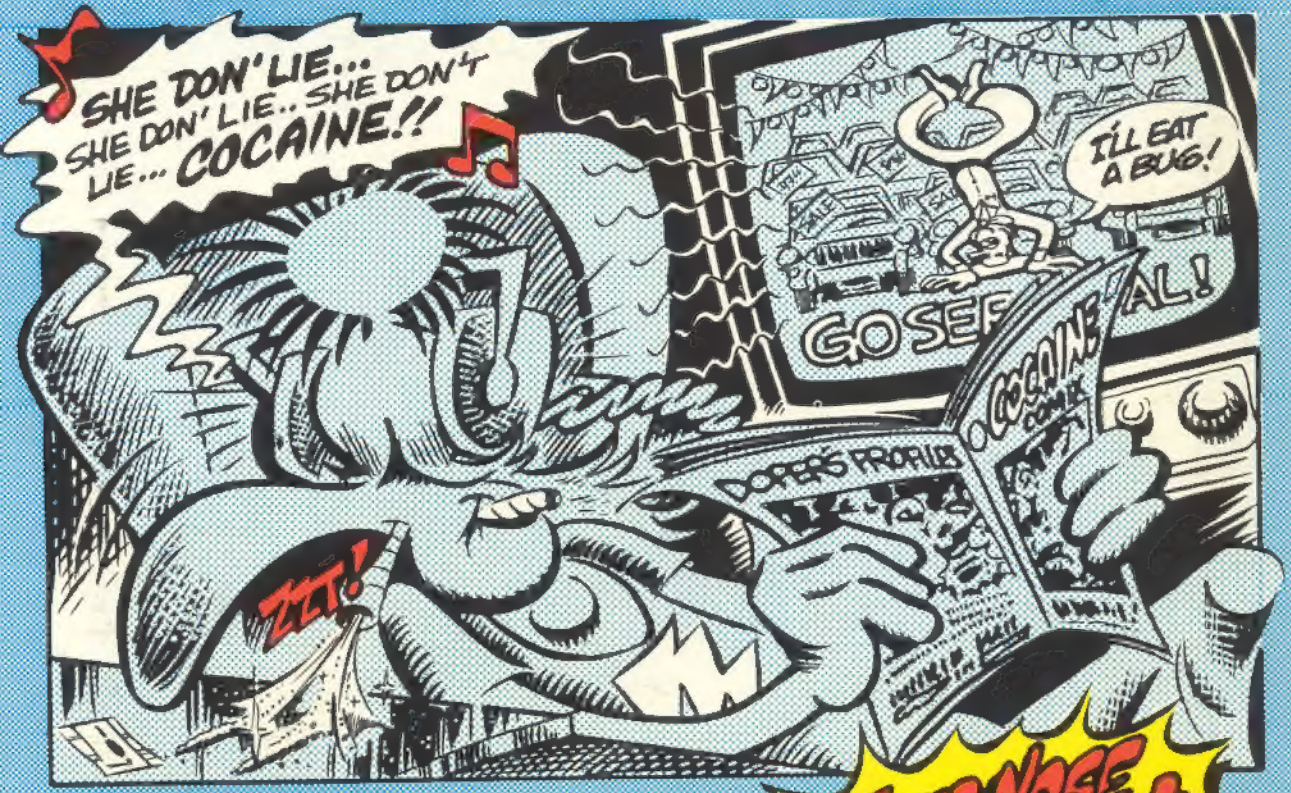






TO STEVE HICKNER

DOPER'S PROFILES



WILDROOT

YOUR NOSE KNOWS!

HOME: HOLLYWEIRD, CALIF.
AGE: QUIT COUNTING LONG AGO.
PROFESSION: UNEMPLOYED GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.
HOBBIES: TALKING BACK TO COMMERCIALS, RECYCLING ROACHES, AND CRUISING HIGH SCHOOLS.
LAST BOOK READ: WHO HAS TIME TO READ, MAN?!
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: MEMORIZED ALL THE LYRICS TO "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN!"
QUOTE: "YOU CAN'T PROVE I'M THE FATHER!"
PROFILE: APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF INTELLECTUAL THROWBACK TO A BY-GONE ERA THAT REFUSES TO GO AWAY!
MAGAZINE: *COCAINE COMIX*... NATCH!

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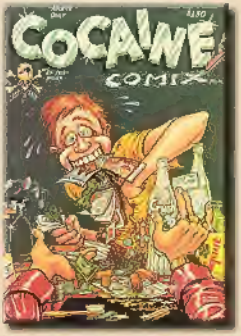

Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

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8 - The Key of 'D' for Death
14 - Fugue For Freebase
16 - Fear Of Frying
18 - Freebase
20 - Grabbit and Ratskello "Shoot The Girl"
22 - Once In A Lullaby
24 - Proletarian Toot Funnies
26 - An Artist Is Only As Good As His Research
28 - Nosework
35 - Cocaine Train
36 - Doper's Profiles

Artists:

Shawn Kerri - 1
S. T. Lowe - 2
Rich Chidlaw - 3-7+, 36
George DiCaprio - 3-7+
Chris Statler - 8-13(s)
Palle Jensen - 8-13(s)
Dennis Ellefson - 14-15
Carol Lay - 16-17, 18-19+
Byron Werner - 18-19+
Joseph Hemard - 18-19+
Siegel - 20-21+
Simon - 20-21+
Curtis Cim - 22-23
T. McKearn - 24-25
Scott Shaw - 26-27
Tim Boxell - 28-34
Warren William Greenwood - 35

Comments: